

Homage to S. Z. P.

What sort of birds
are these? things too
heavy to walk. too large
for flight.

Yet capable of shadows
overhead always till we
die. And then, in the
final moment

against the eyes.

Breaking them to glass.
In fragments from the
bottom up, they sit

the final strange fence.

— James Ryan Morris
Seattle, Washington

For Those Who Are Alive After Twenty

Crack all mirrors and carry
suitcases of faces.

Remember Galileo. Answer "Yes,"
and then say "No" in every corner.

Sign every pledge without reading,
and then live honestly,
but never let them know.

— Duane Locke
Tampa, Florida